

# Catching Suckers with Window Bait

## WITH A SHODDY LINE THERE'S A HOOK SOMEWHERE

More Fun Than Profit in Trying to Beat the Men's  
Furnishing Faker at His Own Game—It  
Can Be Done, Though You Probably  
Can't Wear What You Buy.

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

Human nature being proverbially prone to error, and the manufacturing of men's clothing being carried on mainly by human beings, it is not strange that even the best factories turn out a varying proportion of imperfect goods. So do the worst. These damaged articles, where the defect is not too obvious, are sold at greatly reduced prices to the "cheap" retail trade, the "special sale" artists, and the "schlock" store proprietors. Through these mediums principally they reach the public. Again, a certain kind of manufacturer "skimps" his goods, and turns out as a size 40 suit of underwear, for example, an article which is really a 38, thereby effecting an appreciable saving on the cost of manufacture. Other geniuses of trade make up cotton to resemble flannel, muslin to imitate linen, or silk mixture finished in the appearance of silk. All these inferior or dishonest goods must reach the consumer—that is you—in some way. As an outlet for them there has sprung into being, all over New York, a certain type of store which does a trade in other people's mistakes; this in a double sense, for it purchases the manufacturer's mistakes (or worse) and foists them upon you, the consumer, by inspiring in your mind the mistaken belief that you are obtaining a good and sound article at a small price.

Of this type The Madison Toggery is a fair example. This catching-named shop is at Broadway and Thirtieth Street, on the southwest corner. It sometimes calls itself the Madison Men's Shop. One almost unique peculiarity it boasts: It appears to be a store without an owner. If it really possesses a proprietor he is of the shy-and-shrinking violet persuasion. Only the most careful inquiry can elicit his probable name. I, for one, do not blame him. If I ran a business of The Madison Toggery species, obscurity and anonymity would be my first and chiefest concern. There may be money in the enterprise; there certainly isn't good repute.

Now, it must not be hastily inferred that all the stock of The Madison Toggery is damaged, skimmed or otherwise faked. I cannot go so far as that. All that I am prepared to say is that every purchase made there by Tribune investigators (with one notable exception which I shall come to later) had a greater or less leaven of fakery in them. In no case, other than that one, were the goods as represented.

While the show windows of the shop are not precisely artistic, they are practical, which is more to the purpose, for they hold out eye-dazzling inducements to the passer-by. It was one of these pleasant lures (a silk shirt offered at \$1.69), plus a complaint or so from "stung" customers, that first brought The Tribune purchasers down upon the place. The investigating buyer asked to see the shirts that were in the window. The clerk brought out a number of shirts, quite different and decidedly inferior. "That isn't the kind I want," said the customer. "I want a pure silk shirt like the one in the window, at \$1.69."

This was the salesman's cue. "Here you are," he said suavely, producing a white flowered pattern shirt with a pink stripe. "This is what you want."

"Is it silk?"

"Genuine silk. When you buy that you're getting a perfectly pure silk shirt at a bargain. We're the only people in the State of New York who can sell pure silk shirts at \$1.69."

On the receipt, the garment appears under the alias, "1 shirt, silk, \$1.69." It is an alias worthy of the Rogues' Gallery. The only silk discoverable consists in a few scant threads, here and there. The rest of the shirt is cotton. What is more, it is damaged in the back. The workmanship is poor. One dollar might be a fair price for this unexamined "bargain." Interested by the initial experience, The Tribune made further experiments in toggery. One was a mongrel garment represented as an absolutely pure flannel shirt and designated on the bill of sale as flannel. "We sold these at \$3.50, but as there are only three left I can let you have this one at \$1.39," said the clerk, obligingly.

The purchase was made. The shirt is no more flannel than it is cloth-of-gold. It is printed cotton and should be sold at \$1.00.

The next trial was on underwear. In purchasing this class of clothing at a fake store it is always well to ask for some standard make, and see how far the salesman will go to sell you something else, since the fair profits and good value of the standard goods do not accord with the principles of this kind of trade. The B. V. D. was asked for by the visitor.

"Why don't you wear better underwear than that?" said the clerk scornfully. "Pay about the same money and get better value. We don't carry branded merchandise that doesn't give good value." Therewith he produced a nameless garment whose sleazy quality even a novice could not mistake.

Presently he suggested a pure silk pongee suit of underwear for \$1.38. The sale was made, and the article listed as "silk pongee." The article is not silk pongee or any other pongee, but a cotton weave known as soisette; the suit, which is supposed to be size 40, is skimmed down to about size 38. In the reputable stores 75 cents would be a fair price.

Then there was a suit of "imported pure silk Arabian" underwear, which is a sort of flossy cotton with a silk stripe; a Turkish towelling bath-robe "reduced from \$7.00" and sold for \$3.95, which is of very poor workmanship and worth not more than \$3.00; three pairs of "pure silk" socks, represented perfect, at 39 cents per pair, which are wood fibre and damaged and worth from 10 to 15 cents a pair; and a box of "pure linen" handkerchiefs which were not linen at all, but plain muslin. On the whole, the purchasing experience of The Tribune with The Madison Toggery was more interesting than profitable.

Now I am going to indulge in a bit of personal boasting. I have achieved a triumph over The Madison Toggery; I once got my money's worth there. In fact, it is by no means certain that I didn't get the best of the bargain, or, to be more accurate, that the shop didn't get the worst of it. Anyone can do it, from time to time, providing he doesn't care whether the garments fit or not, by the exercise of a little strategy and patience.

The bait which attracted me was a white-striped waistcoat in the Thirtieth Street window, marked \$2.68. It was a tasteful and attractive pattern and the material seemed good. The more I looked at it the better value it seemed at the price. Inside I found two clerks, a short one and a tall one, and a blonde accountant at the cash register (some day I shall prosecute a scientific inquiry into the question of why all female fake-store assistants are blonde). Upon my request to see a waistcoat like the one in the window the short clerk came forward. Swish! a tall pile of fancy—oh, painfully fancy—waistcoats were whirled from the shelf to the counter before me.

"Here's a tasty thing," said the salesman. "Cheap at \$2.68."

I took one look at the design. It looked as if some careless person had been eating thick, dark soup in it.

"Something not quite so pronounced," I suggested. "I want an all white pattern."

"Those come higher. Here's one for \$4.00."

It was better, but not as good as the specimen on display.

"Can't you show me one like the white-striped one in the window?" I asked.

"We haven't got that one in your size. Now, just try on this one [something dire and purple had happened to it]. It will fit you fine."

"But the one in the window?"

"You couldn't get half way into it, I tell you."

The painful conviction arose in my mind that the salesman didn't wish to sell me that conspicuously displayed waistcoat.

"Can't I see it?" I pleaded.

"Sure, you can see it, but!"

### COMBINATION FILM NEXT

Producers Lease Knickerbocker Theatre to Try Out Plan.

"Combination" motion picture dramas are to be presented at the Knickerbocker Theatre by the Triangle Film Corporation. Admission will be \$2. The lease for the building was signed yesterday.

Convinced by the success of "The Birth of a Nation" that the \$2 movie is popular, the Triangle Film Corporation is going a step further and putting a "combination" show in a \$2 house. Two medium length and two shorter pictures will be shown. The programme will be changed weekly. It is said the first week will include a Raymond Hitchcock in a Keystone comedy, and Douglas Fairbanks in a European war drama.

### DROWNS TO SAVE FRIEND

Victim of Cramps Pulls Down Man Who Tried Rescue.

Morris Mosher, of Tompkins Cove, Rockland County, was drowned when trying to save Joseph Guglee, who was stricken with cramps in the Hudson River yesterday. Guglee was drowned also. Guglee gripped Mosher's neck and both went down. James West, 24, covered the bodies. Mosher was twenty-one and Guglee was twenty-seven.

Russell Purdy, of Pleasantville, was drowned in Glenmore Lake in Orange County. His father, Chester Purdy, went there to get the body.

### TRIP TO MARKET ENDS AT ALTAR

Butcher and Bride, Met, Wed in Five Hours; Then Start for Panama Fair.

Lizzie Ferber, of 43 Pitt Street, went out with her market basket at noon yesterday to buy a perfectly strange butcher shop, that of Harry Wechsler, of 164 Orchard Street. She liked Wechsler so well that she married him last night, and is now on her way to San Francisco to exhibit with her husband of twelve hours and her acquaintance of seventeen.

Even the East Side, where things are done in a rapid and unconventional fashion, gasped when Harry led Lizzie down the aisle at the Progress Casino, 28 Avenue A. He had married her within five hours of the minute he first saw her. Both he and his bride looked somewhat out of breath.

"I want some meat," quoth Lizzie, as she entered Wechsler's store.

"Why not take it home on the hoof?" queried the dashing Harry. "I'll give you five minutes to become engaged. Forty-five to get a license. An hour to find a hall in which to be wed. Thirty minutes to engage Rabbi S. Paswick, of the Krakauer synagogue, to perform the ceremony. Fifteen to order refreshments. Fifteen more to engage transportation to the fair. An hour to inform all the relatives. Another to invite the guests, dress and pack. 'I pronounce you man and wife,' or words to that effect in Hebrew, and Bang!—the happy breathless pair are hurtling across the continent on the limited."

### Moose Pick Chairman July 29.

The New York County Committee of the National Moose Council will hold a special meeting at Bryant Hall, 725 Sixth Avenue, Thursday evening, July 29, to elect a chairman to succeed London Bates, Jr., who was lost on the Lusitania. The meeting will be held at the committee will be held.

"What's that?" the tall clerk broke in, coming up to the rescue, "that vest on Thirtieth Street? Why it wouldn't fit one side of you."

"Sure it wouldn't," the shorter one took up the burden. "Swat I been telling him. Now, if you want a swell bargain!"

"Will you let me have a look at the one in the window?"

"Bring it in," said the tall one impatiently, and it was brought.

Near at hand it looked even better than seen through the glass. It seemed to me about a 16 year old size.

"Now you see," began the first clerk, "it isn't!"

"Is this \$2.68?" I interrupted.

"Yes, it's \$2.68, but!"

"I'll take it."

"Take it! Why, you couldn't begin to get it on."

"I know. But I'll take it."

The tall clerk looked at me and then at the short clerk. The short clerk looked at me and then at the tall clerk. The blonde cash-lady looked at me and then at both clerks. Dismay exhaled from them and fairly tinted the atmosphere.

"What do you want of it?" inquired the tall clerk at last.

"It's so beautiful," I explained patiently, "that I want to frame it and hang it on the wall."

"But it won't!"

"Yes, I know it won't fit me now," I interrupted the duet. "However, I'm thinking of banting, or I may give it to the deserving poor. Anyway, I understand it is for sale for \$2.68. Is it?"

"Yes," the taller clerk spoke after a sad silence.

"Then I'll buy it. Can I buy it?"

"Say, you got getting at?" began the short one, when his companion broke in gamely.

"Sure you can have it. Two sixty-eight."

I handed out three dollars, which he turned over to the blonde lady, the other salesman observing the operation with dull stupefaction.

"Two sixty-eight out of three," said the maker of the sale, to the cash register guardian.

"What?" It was only a whisper, but it was a highly italicized whisper.

"Two sixty-eight out of three. Didn't you hear me?"

The lady set her finger to the disk, but she didn't press it. It went against her better nature to do so, I suppose.

"Shall I ring it up?" she inquired in what was intended for an aside. The short clerk was now leaning against the shelf, apparently in a state of semi-coma.

"Sure, ring it up," ordered the other.

Ping! went the bell. The sale was made and I went forth with my package under my arm. The next step was to present it to the expert appraiser of The Tribune.

"Seems to be O. K.," was his judgment. "Where did you get it?"

"The Madison Toggery."

He whistled. "You paid about \$6.00 for it, then, I bet," he said.

"I didn't. I paid \$2.68."

"What! Where did you say you got it?"

"The Madison Toggery; Broadway and Thirtieth Street."

"Well, I'll—let me look at it again. No; it's all right. Why, it's worth more than \$2.68. How did you do it?"

I told him. The expert bent himself upon his knee. "By thunder!" he cried. "You've stolen their bait!"

Which suggests a possibly profitable idea. Obviously there is no use in purchasing for one's self under such conditions, as only free sizes can be found. But why couldn't one work up a sound trade buying up these window baits at the lure price and selling them again to persons of unusual size at a good profit? This tip is presented free of charge to the mail order artists who advertise "Forty-seven Ways to Make Money Without Working."

In conclusion, a friendly word to the man whose eye is drawn by window signs to striking values in garments and outfittings that please at a glance. It is a wise and commendable thing to save money—but it is still wiser to be sure that you are saving it when you are tempted to buy on no other guidance than your own fancy. "The Toggery" and its ilk are run for the "sucker" trade; if you walk into the net you will have but yourself to thank if you fail to beat the deft clerks and smooth proprietors at their own game.

It can be done—but there's more fun than profit in it.

The Ad-Visor, Mr. Adams' department for answering queries on advertising and advertised goods, will appear in The Tribune to-morrow, Monday, July 26.

### MRS. ONFFROY REGAINS SONS BY AUTO DASH

Mother of Four, Seeing Lads' Pictures in Tribune, Follows Clew.

### SPEEDS TO COS COB; SEIZES CHILDREN

Twice Tricks Connecticut Constables in Fast Run Back to Manhattan Home.

The four children were safely launched on their cereal and cream. Mother seized the opportunity to steal a look at her Tribune. It was yesterday morning, when the picture of Mrs. Roland D. Onffroy and the two little boys filled the top of the fourth page. Over and over the mother read the story of another woman's hunt for the children who had been spirited away from her. Then she shut the kitchen door and called up Mrs. Onffroy by telephone at her home, 725 Riverside Drive.

"Go to the house of Mrs. B. M. Peck, in Cos Cob, Conn.," she told Mrs. Onffroy, "and you will find your children. No. I dare not tell you who I am, or how I know this, but I have four children of my own, and I know how I would feel to have them stolen away from me. I saw the article in The Tribune just now and I made up my mind to let you know at once."

Like Film Melodrama.

From this point on the story is as full of thrills as a motion picture melodrama. The first reel ends happily, with the two little boys restored to their mother awaiting court proceedings to-morrow.

Mrs. Onffroy called up her lawyer, Hugo Winter. Acting under his instructions, she engaged a private detective, and, with him and the chauffeur to act as a strong-arm squad, she started at once for Connecticut. She found the Peck place, an unpretentious boarding house, near the postoffice in Cos Cob.

The two little boys, Roland and Paul, were just stepping out on the porch for their morning romp. Their nurse, Anna Rob, was with them. When she saw Mrs. Onffroy she screamed, and, seizing the younger boy in her arms, she fled to the rear of the house and dashed indoors, upstairs.

Mrs. Onffroy dashed after them. She was met by Mrs. Peck, who tried to shut the door against her, but she was pushed her way in and up the stairs.

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chauffeur assisted her in piling them into the machine.

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried little Roland. "Why didn't you come before? We've been waiting and waiting for you."

Foiled the Constable.

The commotion attracted the attention of P. W. Ferris, proprietor of a livery stable, and a constable. They ran to the scene just as the automobile was about to dash away.

"What are you doing?" demanded Ferris.

"These are my children. I am taking them away," said Mrs. Onffroy. "Where is your authority?" asked Ferris.

"I have all the papers right here," answered Mrs. Onffroy, giving the chauffeur the signal to speed up. They were off before the constable could stop them.

Fifty miles an hour is Mr. Winter's estimate of the speed they then made down the shore road, tearing up the macadam through Riverside and Greenwich. The police were on the trail, however. Just beyond Greenwich they were halted by a traffic officer, who had received word through a wayside transmitter to halt a fast automobile carrying a woman, two children and three men. The number, he thought, was 88-543.

"What is your number?" he demanded of Mr. Winter.

"I don't know," retorted the lawyer. "This is a hired car. Look for yourself."

The guileless Connecticut policeman went around to the back of the car to look, of course, New York's legal mind caught at the chance to dart away again. Then it was neck and neck down the turnpike, with flustered traffic officers staring at them from every corner, powerless to stop them.

Nurse Girl Sent Back.

"At last we crossed the New York line," Mr. Winter, telling the story last night, "and we turned around and laughed at those cops. We told them where they could go. We were going to New York."

Mrs. Onffroy had her two boys in hiding last night. At her home, 725 Riverside Drive, it was said she had been there late in the afternoon and taken a train for New York.

Justice Ford to-morrow morning to testify in the alimony proceedings connected with the suit for divorce brought by her husband, which is being defended by Mr. Winter. Mr. Winter laughed last night when told that Justice Ford would be busy Monday morning with the Becker hearing for a new trial.

"Never mind," said he. "We'll beat Onffroy yet."

The nurse girl, Anna Rob, has fallen from the high esteem of her mistress. When the two boys were first taken away to go to Mrs. Onffroy told Anna to go with them, and Anna, according to her present statement, promised to keep their mother informed of their whereabouts. For ten days, however, they were at the Hotel Marston, where Mrs. Onffroy searched the streets frantically.

The nurse was carried as far as Rye, trying to explain her conduct to Mrs. Onffroy. At the point she was dropped from the automobile, given a dollar and told to "go back to her employer."

Mrs. Onffroy's troubles began Memorial Day, when she was committed to the House of the Good Shepherd as a patient. She was released by her husband, who is vice-president of the United Five and Ten Cent Stores. She was released by Justice Shearn on the ground that her commitment was illegal.

Also: Broken Lots of \$1.85 Blouses—Special 1.50 White Voiles and Organdies—All new, fresh and clean—latest models—embroidered, finely tucked and plain—variety of laces, including Venice and Val—new collars—all sizes in lot, but not in each style.

### EDISON TAKES DUST; MAKES A DISCOVERY

Inventor Learns Location of His Plant Boundaries from Truck Driver's Discourtesy.

Orange, N. J., July 24.—Thomas A. Edison paid his first visit to a police station to-day and incidentally showed he did not know just what part of his plant was in Orange and what in West Orange. He was riding with one of his men in a small electric automobile in Lakeside Avenue. When a large automobile truck went by the driver opened up the exhaust pipe, which was low on the back of the car, and stirred up a lot of dust which clouded the Edison car.

Despite Mr. Edison's shouts the driver of the truck continued to leave the cut-out open and the inventor instructed his man to turn about and go to the Orange police station. There it was found the offence was no committed in Orange but in West Orange. "I guess I don't know which part of my plant is located in Orange and which part is in West Orange," said the inventor humorously.

Edison refused to make a complaint against the driver, but said he should be warned.

### EX-BOXER TO BE MONK

McVeigh, Trainer of Willie Ritchie, Enters Novitiate.

James McVeigh, former professional boxer, who trained Willie Ritchie when the latter won the lightweight championship, has left his home at 174 East Kinney Street, in Newark, to enter a novitiate of the Order of Christian Brothers in Maryland.

McVeigh when ten years old became a messenger in a local telegraph office, later he took up boxing. He showed promise and a few years ago went to California, when he trained Ritchie. He received a setback on his return to Newark. He was matched with "Banty" Lewis, his best friend, and was knocked out in the contest.

### WIFE SUES HER JAILER

Separation Asked from Son of Ambassador de Gama's Wife.

Mrs. Elsie Holmes Volek filed in the Supreme Court yesterday a suit for separation against Morris Volek, whose mother is Mme. de Gama, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador at Washington.

Mrs. Volek alleges her husband abused her and threatened to go abroad and sue her for a divorce. They were married in 1910 and have two children. Mrs. Volek's father recently applied to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus for his daughter, who he alleged was being held a prisoner in her home by Volek.

### HOSE SPOILS WEDDED JOY

Damp Cruelty Wins Mrs. Thayer Third Biennial Divorce.

Mrs. Mildred Thayer has obtained a divorce in Rhyolite, Nev